

BOOK
HS

371
cam
1905

3/04
binder

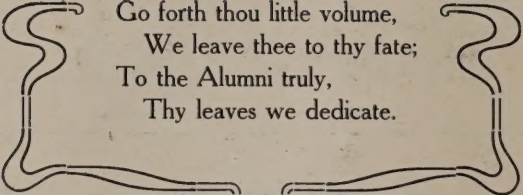
ECKHART PUBLIC LIBRARY
603 S. Jackson St.
Auburn, IN 46706

ECKHART PUBLIC LIBRARY
Auburn, IN 46706

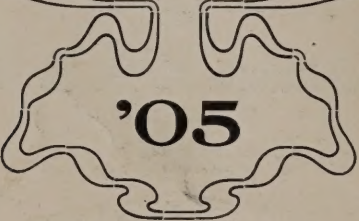
	<h1>..The Comet..</h1>	
--	------------------------	--

Dedicated to
The Alumni of S. J. H. S.
1905

THE LOCHNER QUICK PRINTERY, AUBURN, INDIANA.



Go forth thou little volume,
We leave thee to thy fate;
To the Alumni truly,
Thy leaves we dedicate.

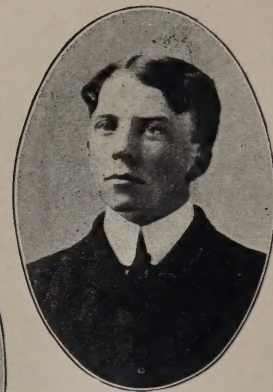
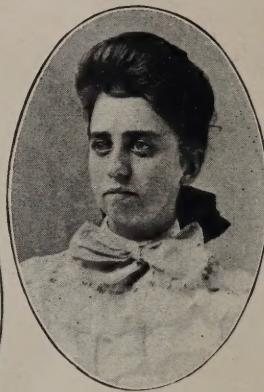


'05



This is the St. Joe High School College,
Where the Seniors gained their store of Knowledge.

B. V. WIDNEY, Editor in Chief.



ASSISTANT EDITORS:

Ethel Berry

Sylva Hollabaugh

Fuchsia Hadsell

...THE COMET SPEAKS...

I am the Comet who flies through the limitless space of the Heavens and throws forth radiancy which shall bring forth recollections of High School days to the Alumni of St. Joe, and I hope that I shall make our High School of more interest to the Public. It is my purpose to show the talent of those who have tread the brilliant path of the High School towards the goal of knowledge; also to enthuse those who pause at the High School entrance to enter into its sombre depths. This being my first appearance in this locality, my cause may be impeded by unlooked for circumstances, but I hope that by returning annually I will not only be a welcome, but an entertaining guest.

THE EDITOR.



Sylva Hollobaugh

W

CLASS HISTORY

By Sylva Hollabaugh

E, who were destined to be the seniors of '05 entered the St. Joe High School in '02. Our class in the beginning consisted of Ethel Berry, Fuchsia Hadsell, Sylva Hollabaugh, Dale Widney, Jay Fetters and Charley Baker. After Holidays Maud Baker became a seventh member of the class. As Freshies, we exhibited the usual "greenness" and "freshness". Perhaps we were a little unusually "fresh". The horror of that first recitation in the presence of the august Seniors and ambitious Juniors, will ever remain firmly fixed in our memories. As our teacher Prof. R. L. Dixon had a great deal of trouble in getting us to remember that the letter "a" is always pronounced "a" in Latin. We required to be told at least three times during a single recitation. Nor is that all that we found "simply awful" in the first year. We studied Algebra, Latin, Physical Geography, Rhetoric and Civil Government. Algebra and Latin especially were "dreams of delight" for us.

At the beginning of the second year there were but five in the class. They were Ethel Berry, Fuchsia Hadsell, Maude Baker, Sylva Hollabaugh and Dale Widney. As Juniors we were so quiet and unobtrusive that people did not know there were any Juniors. We did not indulge in any of the usual "barbarities" of Juniors. It was during this year that we effected an organization. The officers were as follows: President, Dale Widney; Vice-President, Sylva Hollabaugh; Secretary, Fuchsia Hadsell; Treasurer, Maude Baker;

Class Speaker, Ethel Berry. The class was so small that each member was able to be honored by an office. Our course of study for the second year consisted of Algebra, Geometry, Physics, Book-Keeping, Caesar, Arithmetic and Literature. The most delightful subject was Caesar. There was not one of us who was not glad that Brutus waited until after Caesar had written his commentaries before he killed him. In deed it became so popular that "Great Caesar" was a common expression in the class. Especially did we use this expression when trying to translate his "lovely" description of bridging the Rhine.

At the beginning of our Senior year, our class numbered but four. Maude Baker was the missing one. Early in the term we had a class meeting and elected Sylva Hollabaugh, treasurer, in the place of the missing treasurer. We also selected as class colors, pink and green; as class flower, the pink carnation; as class motto, "Gradatime". Our studies were as follows: Geometry, Botany, Zoology, Cicero and General History. Cicero furnished for us model orations. So if our orations are not what they should be, the blame can all be laid upon Cicero and not on us. In Zoology we learned all about "bugs". In Botany, we found out a great deal that we knew before was not so. A volume could be filled with the events of our Senior year, but we will not tax your patience any further more than to say that the class of '05 is the "greatest ever" and that we owe our brilliant exit from the High School to our teacher, Prof. Joe E. Colborn.





Balnchard Vondale Widney

I

THE BOY WITH
A WILL

By D. V. Widney

N this world, boys are as numerous as the untrue stories of Chatty women and like the stories there are scarcely two alike. They differ in personal appearance, in form, in size and many other characteristics.

They also differ mentally speaking in that some wish to become preachers, others great political leaders or great authors while still others seem to have no desire to be

useful. Some love nature, others care nothing for it. While many like the artificial part of this universe, others look on it with disgust. Everybody has his ambition in life at some time. Generally he is the most enthusiastic between the ages of fifteen and twenty, that is, he wonders most over his future career. At one time he'll want to be a farmer, an electrical engineer, mechanical engineer, or something of that nature, while at other times his mind is turned in an entirely different direction. He is inclined towards law, teaching or some other profession. We also have boys who are continually looking for what they call a snap and those boys are sure to be unsuccessful. We may class all these boys into two classes namely, the boy with a will and the boy without a will. I believe that if we were to take a census of the boys of today and study each one's life we would find a great many of them in the latter class.

This life is filled with those who, you might say have been failures. Look at the great enterprises taken up and dropped, simply because of the lack of will power. Some say that misfortune has

come before them and has been the cause of their downfall. But that old adage, "where there is a will there is a way" will ever remain true. Taking these into consideration who have had an onrush of enthusiasm then allowed their enthusiasm to abate and never offered to better themselves as boys without a will, can you imagine how large that class is?

When you go walking who is it you see along the railroads in groups of four and five? Boys without a will.

Who is it that calls at your back door and asks for food and lodging? The boy without a will.

Who is it you see sitting on store boxes, whistling, smoking, spitting and bragging? Boys without a will and quite often boys looking for a "snap."

Who is it that patronizes our saloons daily? Boys without a will.

Turn your face to the east, the south, the west, the north, in any direction and you'll find boys lacking ambition. While at the same time you'll see those that are ambitious.

They can be told by their features, their actions, and in every move they make. They have a glitter in their eye, a flush in their cheek, a trend in their movements that makes their elders respect them. You see them walking on the street with a courtly face earning money as their fathers do.

Their minds are not poisoned by cigarettes, tobacco and intoxicants, but are clear and bright as well as active. And by the time they are twenty or twenty-five years of age, we find them doing

things that one generation ago, people would consider folly for any other than an aged man to undertake. Instead of finding them in gambling dens and saloons during their spare moments, we find them at their homes either enjoying themselves with their families or reading literature that will better their welfare. Such boys are respected by all and envied by the corrupt. This kind of a boy has better advantages than the other. When people see that a youth is doing everything he can to better himself along a certain line, they admire him and will willingly lend him a hand. But when they see boys that apparently care nothing for their own welfare, they look on him as a human being and that is about all. They will not help him as they would the other. If there is anything that pleases a person of this day and age of the world, it is to see something of their own doing, however small, prove to be a success. Since this is true what is their to urge a successful man to lend money, advice, or time to a youth when he thinks it will not result in any good.

Some of the boys of today say, that they believe in "Sowing their wild oats," as they call it while they are young. In other words they believe in having, what they call a good time. This, I think is all right in one sense of the phrase, but the way in which they mean, it is not. They think there is pleasure in getting drunk, in chewing, smoking, etc., in fact being a renowned sport. When a young man carouses all night, is he enjoying himself? Does he feel pleasant afterwards? The young man of today who is out carousing every night or nearly every night of the week, is cross and crabbed to every one except his companions with whom he indulges. He makes himself disagreeable to everybody who happens in his way. His mind is clouded, his energy exhausted.

This youth is one of those without a will or he would throw of the mantle of weariness. Now does this boy bring any sunshine into the world. On the other hand take the boy with a will. You find him bright, enthusiastic, and energetic. He gets his pleasure not out

of drinking, etc., but out of making others happy as well as himself. He's interested in his enterprises and when one proves a success he feels enthused and starts in on another, thus making himself happy not only for a few minutes, but all the time. Therefore he brings into the world sunshine, good cheer, and happiness. For should somebody meet him who feels downcast they, seeing his bright face, brighten up themselves and forget their sadness. This world is one great gambling den. Somebody is winning or loosing all the time. If a youth lacks will power he will be sure to be on the loosing side.

Look at Cyrus W. Tields, would he have attained his ambition in life if he had not had will power? When he made his first attempt to connect this country with the old continent by telegraph, and failed, did he throw up his enterprise? No. He had his aim and he had determined to attain it. Thus he tried again and again until he had spent a fortune in his cause and at last he received the crown of success only by his indefatigable will power. Look at George Washington, would he have successfully withstood the trials of the winter at Valley Forge if it had not been for his predominant will power?

Would Abraham Lincoln have attained his position in life and would he have been able to manipulate the government when its stand of life was so fragile, had it not been for his will power? What was the cause of the fall of Rome? The lack of will power of some of its rulers. What caused the weakening of Spain? Because the throne lacked will power. Boys may inherit large estates but for the lack of will power, they will dwindle away until nothing is left. Thus men and Nations crumble because of the lack of will power.

Taking these things into consideration let us try to make a success of life and to do this let us not find ourselves loafing on the street, carousing in gambling dens and saloons, taking vigor out of life by using tobaccos, etc., but let us make use of every minute. Time is precious. Let us show our parents that we are and always will be "Boys with a will."

...Commencement Programme...



THURSDAY EVENING, MAY 4TH, '05.

Chorus

Invocation.....	Rev. H. W. Habey
Vocal Solo.....	C. A. Woodcox
Oration.....	An Old Violin..... Fuchsia Hadsell
Instrumental Solo.....	Lora Hull
Oration.....	The Girl of the Age..... Ethel Berry
Vocal Solo.....	Maude Baker
Oration.....	The American Girl..... Sylva Hollabaugh
Vocal Solo.....	Emma White
Oration.....	The Boy With a Will..... Dale Widney
Vocal Duet.....	Mrs. Tustison and Mr. Woodcox
Benediction.....	H. V. Sharp

FRIDAY EVENING, MAY 5TH.

Chorus

Class Address.....	The Perfect Man..... Judge Chas. A. Bowersox
	Music

Presentation of Diplomas.....	Prof. Colborn
-------------------------------	---------------

Alumni Banquet, Saturday Evening, May 6th.



PROF. JOE E. COLBORN

A

THE VALUATION
OF HIGH SCHOOL
... TRAINING ...

By Prof. Colborn

S years go by it is gratifying to the friends of the High School to note the increased favor with which the masses of the people accept its work. There have always been those who were its steadfast friends, but it is only in recent years that it has counted nearly all people as such. Within the memory of the writer, a high school education was not considered of any practical ben-

efit to its possessor, because they saw in it no utilitarian value. The farmer says, "Latin will not help my boy calculate the number of bushels of corn in a crib, nor the amount of a hundred dollar note placed on interest for 1 year, 9 months and 18 days at 6 per cent. Therefore I will have none of it." "High School subjects," says the blacksmith, will not assist me any in welding a piece of iron, shoe a horse, or do any of the work in a blacksmith shop. I would be wasting my time in studying them." Many men and women in other occupations argue the same way. But opinion has been changing gradually until now but few are found who do not want it and strive for it. The farmer can see that the training necessary for the correct translation of a sentence in Caesar or Cicero will also be of use when put to a practical test in solving some of the difficult problems of modern agriculture. Likewise the blacksmith knows that if he can successfully demonstrate a proposition in Euclid he can make that same ability perform the duties of a blacksmith. Here are a few things then that I claim for the high school:

1st. It is a mental work shop in which those talents with which we are endowed at birth are increased many fold. The study of language, mathematics, the sciences, history, even if all the facts learned about them are forgotten—as indeed many of them are—is a laying in store of that which in after years will help us to meet and solve the problems in life in much the same way we solve those of the school room. And if we have learned the lessons of school well, we shall all the better make practical application of them when it come to that struggle with our environments in which only the fittest survive. Abraham Lincoln whom we all admire, was admitted to the bar and began the practice of law, but he had not followed his profession long, until he closed up his office and did not reopen it until he thoroughly understood and could demonstrate every proposition of Euclid. The merit of his plan has been so practically demonstrated in the phenomenal success of his life that it would be a waste of words to say more.

2nd. Some folks yet think that the subjects of greatest value are those generally spoken of as the common branches. But I maintain that even these cannot be fully understood without a highschool education. You do not know English until you know some Latin, Greek and the modern Romance languages. But says one "I have a working knowledge of it. I can express my thoughts and that ought to be enough." I am not so sure about that. We hear such an expression of thought sometimes as would make the shades of departed linguists weep tears of vexation. You do not know Arithmetic until you have studied some Algebra and Geometry. You can't appreciate the his-

tory of our own country until you know some of the history of the leading European countries. You can see no beauty in the flower, hear no music in the babbling brook, take no pleasure in the fishes of the sea, the fowls of the air nor the myriads of being upon the earth until you know some science.

3rd. The high school teaches the truth and a love for the truth. I once went to a teacher in the district school who kept hanging on the wall such mottos as, "Speak the Truth," "Love the Truth," "Dare to be Truthful," etc. Anything wrong about that? Yes, there is. These mottoes looked very pretty and all that, but they are sermons on character and if there is anything in all the universe that is absolutely impotent and hateful to a young boy or girl it is such a sermon. What they want to see is that these things are real truths and can be demonstrated mathematically. When a boy can demonstrate by Geometry such truths as, "If two triangles have two sides and the included angle of one equal to two sides and the included angle of the other each to each, the triangles are equal," he immediately has a

respect for truth that any amount of preaching and ten thousand mottoes could not inculcate. Besides they are God's truths. No man invented them. Before man was, they were.

4th. There are many others, but I shall name as the last: No man makes any pretensions to a liberal education who has not had a high school course or at least much of it whether obtained at school or by personal effort. I need not amplify this. It will not be disputed. If, then the high school is such a factor in our lives, and if it fills so large a place in our public school system, should not every one of us extend a helping hand. I would to God that the high school of St. Joe might receive every pupil, when he is ready for it within its borders. There are some of our boys who ought to be in the high School whom we see loafing, swearing and drinking. I can prove it, upon our street corners. The high school has not fully accomplished its purpose until it has gathered within its folds every boy and girl of school age and given them a liberal education.



CLASS ORGANIZATIONS

SENIOR OFFICERS:

President, B. V. Widney.
 Secretary, F. M. Hadsell.
 Treasurer, Sylva Hollabaugh.
 Class Speaker, G. E. Berry.

MEMBERS:

Dale Widney, Sylva Hollabaugh,
 Ethel Berry, Fuchsia Hadsell.

CLASS COLORS—Pink and Green.

CLASS FLOWER—Pink Carnation.

CLASS MOTTO—"Gradatine." (Step by Step)

CLASS YELL—

High-yo! High-yo! Zip-Boom-Bive, St. Joe Seniors,
 1905, are we "it"? well I should smile, we've
 been it for a deal of a while.

JUNIOR OFFICERS:

President, Elgin Woodcox.
 Vice President, Bessie Bartlett.
 Secretary, Hazel Berry.
 Treasurer, Fred B. Leighty.
 Class Speaker, Foraker Ferrell.

MEMBERS:

Elgin Woodcox, Bessie Bartlett, Emmons Barney,

Grace Sechler, Fred Leighty, Foraker Ferrell, Clar-
 ence Walter, Frank Ulm, Elgin Currie, Josephine
 Howey, Hazel Berry.

CLASS FLOWER: Violet.

CLASS YELL: Rim, Rah, Rah, Rim, Ras, Rix,
 Hurrah for the class of 1906.

MOTTO: Not to seem, but to be.

FRESHMEN OFFICERS:

Paesident, Ray D. Herrick.
 Vice President, Ralph W. Patterson.
 Treasurer, Viola May.
 Secretary, Vera B. Copp.
 Class Speaker, Blanch Woodcox

CLASS COLORS: Crimson and Sky Blue.

CLASS FLOWER: Red Carnation.

CLASS MOTTO: Excelsive.

Class Yell: Rah, rah, reven, Rah, rah, reven, St. Joe,
 St. Joe, 1907.

Members of Class of 1907.

Ray D. Herrick, Vera B. Copp, Ralph W. Patterson,
 Blanche Woodcox, Viola May.



Ethel Berry

F

THE GIRL OF
THE AGE.

"Earth's noblest thing,
A woman perfected."

By Ethel Berry

OR the consideration of woman perfected, we have at the present time two examples, the one is what we hear termed as "The new woman," and the other is "The old fashioned girl," with her intellectual attainments. Considering either, how different the ideal of womanhood is now from what it was centuries past. Each age, each nation, each people has held its own ideal and woman's

individuality in all its strength and vigor stands out before us as we look backward along the path of centuries.

Behold her at her home in the sunny isles of Greece, naught has she to do with public affairs; she is the woman of seclusion, her place is in the house; she is allowed no contact with the outer world. No hope of reaching a higher plane is hers; should she exercise her mind in any work except that of her household labor, she is disgraced.

Later in history, however, we find a few womanly souls, who have been brave enough to leave their spinning-wheels, but notwithstanding their talents and scholarly attainments in doing this, they are compelled to sacrifice both good name and honor.

Centuries roll by, the world passes on through ages of gloom, but in the lethargy there is a process of evolution at work; surely as the butterfly awakes with the opening of spring from the darkness of its winter environments, so surely is woman awakening to higher and nobler aims. And she stands before us today in enabled and ennobling womanhood.

There is a prevailing impression that a new woman is abroad in the land. The question at once arises, who is she? What is she? Whence did she come? Why is she here? The temptation is almost irresistible to draw on imagination and lend some color to the picture which needs no exaggeration, so eagerly is that one listened to who can tell something about her. There is no doubt, however, of her existence. She meets us on every page of literature. She peers at us out of the most grotesque caricatures. She is the target of every shaft of wit and sentiment. She is the spice of banquets and the text of sermons. Masculine anxiety attributes many idiosyncrasies to the the new woman. According to the testimony of one she is about to discard her time-honored draperies and adopt his ungraceful attire. Another speaks of her political aspirations and her craving for the privilege of supplanting man in every sphere of life from a seat in Congress to the lowest official position. While some of the American girls of this age seek for some such political attainments, the great majority of them are only seeking for enlightenment, seeking to lift woman from the superstitious ideas that have so long kept her beneath man in all lines of progress. But the typical girl of today is striving after high and noble attainments.

Along with the new woman has come the old fashioned girl, and although she may not be so conspicuous, she is, nevertheless, very important and necessary to the welfare of our nation and she is here among us. She comes announcing that something must be done to eradicate the erroneous idea that the proper thing to do is to depreciate and minify the duties of home. In her home opinion,

homemaking is a profession without a rival. All others dwindle into respectable second best. Because so much of her work in this department is far from the maddening crowd; because her full returns are not immediate, because her books cannot be audited until the generation which follow her has balanced the accounts; because it is not so prominent as important, not so brilliant as inspiring, not so showy as devine; woman herself has permitted it to be called drudgery.

It is erroneous to imagine culture and refinement out of place in the home. On the contrary, this is the place for it. To be successful in this profession as in others, woman must be a scholar, thinker and a talker, which attributes are to found in the old fashioned girl who is among us.

She is not a devotee to charity and benevolence, one who founds hospitals for four-footed animals and feathered bipeds. She is not one who pities you if you have not read Dante or Browning, and who laments lest you may never attain her lofty plane; but she is the symmetrical woman, who fearlessly and intelligently, decides upon what she can do best and does it, performing such duties becomingly and well, and enjoying the life which opens before her. She asserts no legal claims to a place for which she knows she has no equitable title. She is prepared to take her place in society wherever her influence can help brighten the lives of those around her. She is not the creation of newspaper paragraphs and caricaturists, the embodiment of fads and foibles, but she is so much like the sensible mothers and sisters we have known all our life that she is not always recog-

nized because she preserves her womanhood. Her intellectual attainments have made no radical change in her nature, and a change never could be made by awakening an interest in the real things of the world, the problems as well as the beauties; she only makes herself more indispensable, more reliable, more powerful. She brings her case before the tribunal of the public for adjudication.

The main idea or thought to be conveyed is the comparison of the girl of today with the girl of yesterday. The advantages of the girl of today are in many ways superior to those of the girl of yesterday, in education, wage-earning, time, influence, and in fact, almost everything.

Probably the most prominent among these is her education. The school system of our land today is such that she has a greater opportunity than formerly to learn. Many branches outside of common school studies are taught, such as sewing, cooking, and various kinds of manual training, and then there are training schools for girls, who wish to become teachers, business colleges for those who prefer business life.

Whatever she undertakes she is sure to accomplish, for the word "fail" is not in her vocabulary, and its meaning is unknown to her.

Rarely do you see a girl idle. She is always up and doing, ready for anything that comes her way. One of her favorite maxims is:

"Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait."

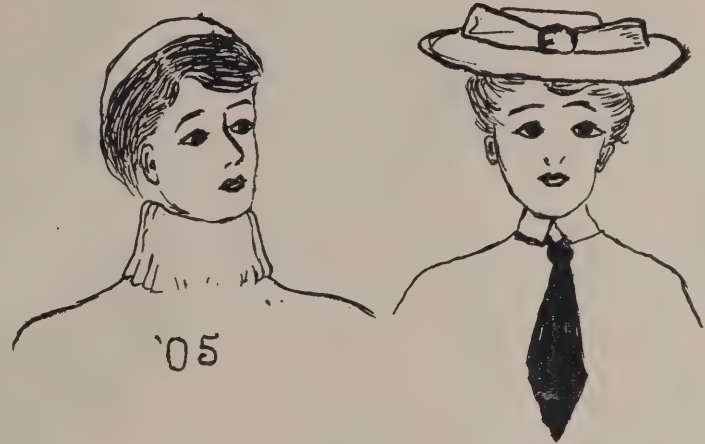
But you will no doubt wonder what the causes of her success are. These are very easily explained. First of all she is cheerful and cheerfulness has been likened to the sunlight of Heaven, thus her cheerful spirit wins for her many friends who are always ready to do anything for her advancement. In her work she is polite and deferent to all, trying to please those she comes in contact with in her daily life. One of her best traits is patriotism, true to her country, true to her home, true to her friends and best of all true to herself. This in itself is a most admirable trait and combined with the others cause her to be looked up to by her fellowmen.

In religion she is not superior to the girl of yesterday, but is fully her equal. The great work against intemperance began by Francis Willard is being carried on by such girls as have been described and her influence no doubt has been very great.

Some may think that she is giving up what is best in her, that is, her womanliness, gentleness and home spirit if she gets an education and takes up some business, but that is only some of the later powers that have been within her for many generations and now are awakened to full and active life. All her talents have been given her and therefore ought to be improved to the greatest possible extent.

Thus, the twentieth century, with its cleaner purposes, its higher endeavors, its limitless opportunities, will make the girl of the age nearer what God intended she should be, man's equal. She will be the preceptress of home, the refining crucial of society, and an embodiment of all that is good and holy in life, thoroughly educated in

all branches that pertain directly to her sphere of progress. The coming century will see thus distinct, type of womanhood, overcoming all difficulties, arising out of the past, a queen of beauty and refinement.
"Finnis"



Seniors

Drawing used by the kindness of the Seniors of the Auburn H. S.



FRESHMEN:

Ray Herrick

Viola May

Vera Copp

Blanch Woodcox

Ralph Patterson

P

THE AMERICAN
GIRL.

By Sylva Hollabaugh

PROBABLY the only single word that would sufficiently describe the American girl is the word progressive. She is indeed a shining example of modern advancement and progress. From this stand-point, a volume might be filled with her attainments.

There are three primary reasons why the American girl is progressive. The first is her educational advantage. No country

has a more perfect system of public schools and colleges than America. All these schools are open to the American girl. The public schools kept up at the public expense are just as much for the benefit of the American girl as for the benefit of the American boy. In regard to colleges she can have her choice of a woman's college governed entirely by her own sex from the dean to the char-woman or she may enter any one of the co-educational institutions of the land where the masculine intellect predominates. Schools of art, law, science, music, agriculture, theology and medicine, business colleges and professional schools, all welcome the American girl.

The second reason of her progressiveness is her social position. It can truly be said that no woman of any other nationality holds a more exalted place in the social scale than she. She is treated with respect by man and is universally acknowledged as his equal if not his superior. Her presence constitutes one of the chief charms and benefits of society and it is she who far more than man gives character to society.

On account of her recognized social position she has a great deal of influence in public affairs. This is shown in the case of Mrs. Charles Warren Fairbanks, wife of the vice-president. Mr. Fairbanks invariably turns to her for advice in matters of importance. He places the greatest reliance on her judgment. It was to his wife that Mr. Fairbanks submitted his speech accepting the nomination of the vice-presidency. She desired the acceptance of the nomination and this fact weighed heavily with the senator, who did not decide before consulting her preferences. It has always been Mr. Fairbank's custom to submit his public speeches to his wife, and her suggestions received consideration. If Mr. Fairbanks is today a famous man, no small share of the credit must be given to the brilliant woman who was ever at his side.

The third reason of the progressiveness of the American girl is her place in religion. This is by no means an unimportant reason. Christianity must receive inestimable credit for the advance it makes in the condition of women.

The American girl holds a prominent place in religion, a place which is equal or superior to that of her brother.

That her place is superior is shown by the fact that about two-thirds of the church members of the United States are women.

In Fanny Crosby, the blind hymn-writer is found a living example of the religion and religious influence of the American girl. She has composed eight thousand hymns. Her work has been world-wide in its uplifting influence over humanity. Will Carleton declares her to be "the greatest living writer of hymns" and states that "there

are today used in religious meetings more of her inspired lines than of any other poet, living or dead." Thousands of people call her blessed and the churches unite in a service of her songs.

American women are also a powerful factor in the work of evangelizing the countless millions of heathens. Many are the lives that have been sacrificed to this cause and immeasurable has been the good accomplished. The great temperance movement now on foot is largely the work of christian women. They have organized themselves into unions to fight the great liquor evil, and if it is ever exterminated, they will certainly deserve a good share of the credit. One of the leading women in this cause was Francis E. Willard. She was the Christian conscience of America of the last part of the nineteenth century, operating through agencies for organization towards the accomplishment of certain specific reforms. In this capacity she was a distinctive type in American life.

The American girl has also the advantage of an almost limitless list of pleasures. She is free to attend all sorts of public and private entertainments, theatres, etc. She certainly is in possession of a glorious freedom which she wholly realizes and improves to the fullest extent.

The American girl is progressive in many ways, which are far too numerous to mention. The mention of two will be enough to show her unparalleled advance.

Her progressiveness is shown first by her clubs. The first one, the Sorosis or the mother of the American woman's clubs was organized in 1868. Since then it has grown rapidly and many other

clubs have been organized. The aim of the Sorosis was to discover latent power and to keep abreast of current facts and developments. At first it was treated with condemnation, ridicule and aspersions, but since none of these are able to phase the American woman, it has gone on and has become a powerful factor in the cause of women.

Again the progressiveness of the American woman is shown by the fact that she is found in every branch of industry. It has been said that there is no profession in existence at the present time over which the American girl has not tacked her sign. As a business woman she has demonstrated her ability to carry on a cattle ranch, own and preside over a bank and to manufacture every conceivable article. The works of the literary woman are read in the newspapers, magazines and novels. Her pen is identical with that of her brother journalist. She owns and manages a newspaper with the ease if not the ability of a Greeley. She has achieved phenomenal success as a physician and a lawyer. Although the American girl is found out in the great world, taking an active part in the world's work, yet she does not lose her maidenly modesty and refinement. An English man compliments his American sisters in the following manner: "Their independent yet modest ways, their self-sufficient yet not obtrusive characters, their strength without masculinity all went to make up in his estimation a very charming whole."

Perhaps the chief trait of the American girl's character is her independence. Liberty is in the air and she is determined to breathe her share of the ozone of freedom. It is all a matter of environment. American girls, descendants of forefathers who fought, bled and died

for independence have inherited the same indomitable spirit that made of this country the land of the free; a spirit that revolts at restraint and to a great extent has over-ridden the law that says, "minors, women and idiots," may not have a voice in the affairs of the nation.

The American girl is enthusiastic. As a commentator upon the subject states, "She is full of that sparkle, full of the enthusiastic spirit and full of that dash which makes girlhood so attractive."

Her bravery is illustrated by the Red Cross society. The courageous work of Clara Barton, the noble organizer of this society is well known. American women have even taken their places upon the battle-field as history shows. Under all circumstances they have shown courage and faithfulness.

The well-known story of the life of Helen Keller illustrates an attribute of the American girl's character, which might be termed perseverance. Besides these she is patriotic. This so common an attribute of her character needs no illustration.

So we see that in addition to having the best of advantages she has also the characteristics of progressiveness which things together exalt her far above her sisters.

Let us look for a minute at the conditions of girls of other nations.

In China the woman is a meek, left-over from the dark ages. She is staggering under countless centuries of ancestor worship, accustomed to be regarded as an inferior creature; slave in return to father, husband and lastly to her sons. There are two verses in the Chinese book of Odes which show the difference of the reception

accorded the birth of a boy and a girl:

"A son is born on an ivory bed.
Wrap him in raiments of purple and red;
Gold and jewels for playthings bring,
To the noble boy who shall serve the king."

"A girl is born, in coarse clothes wound,
With a tile for a toy, let her lie on the ground."

Following this ideal from time immemorial, it has been the custom to place a girl baby under the bed soon after birth, putting a tile in her hands as a plaything. This thrusting the child in so lowly a place signifies her future helplessness and subjection. The tile is symbolic of the laborious life which the woman is expected to spend in serving her husband. Figuratively speaking the Chinese woman stays "under the bed" for the remainder of her existence. Comparing her condition with that of the American girl it is easily seen how much the American girl has to be thankful for.

The position of a girl in Japan is very much better than that of girls in China and in some other foreign countries and yet girls in Japan are far less free than they are in our own country. They must "know their place" and keep within it in a way that would be unbearable to the American girl.

Higher education for girls does not obtain in Japan as in our country. The Japanese feel that a woman does need the education a man must have. Her education does not extend any farther than what we call the ordinary branches of education. She marries much earlier than girls in our country and thus spends far less time in school. After marriage her husband is literally her "lord and master." His

will must be hers and she must loose her identity in his. She must always regard herself as infinitely her husband's inferior and must regard it as her highest duty to wait upon him and to obey him implicitly. She is in a sorrowful sense a servant deferring to her lawful master, nor is this a labor of love, for in many cases the question of real affection has nothing to do with a Japanese marriage. A girl's father selects her future husband. Indeed the lot of the Japanese girl, would be unbearable to the modern American girl.

Frank Carpenter, the Russian traveler tells us some interesting things about girls.

In Russia the peasant girls go to work in the fields with mothers almost as soon as they are able to walk. The hardest and heaviest of the farm work is done by the women who work in gangs

of twenty or thirty under the directions of a man overseer. Their hours of labor are from four in the morning until seven or eight at night and fifteen cents a day is considered good pay; in some parts of Russia girls work for eight cents a day and board themselves.

Girls of the merchant class, which is next class above the peasant class, do not work so hard as their poorer sisters, but are generally kept out of sight, and spend their time in dressing, eating and smoking and visiting among themselves. They are usually poorly educated, very religious and very superstitious.

All of which goes to show that in no country has the girl such advantages or is so free and untrammelled as in our own America. Taking it all in all we might well say that, "As the rose is queen of flowers so the American girl is queen of girls."





H. E. COE,
County Supt. of Schools.



Fuchsia Hadsell

I

AN OLD
VIOLIN

By Fuchsia Hadsell

N the mad rush and whirl of the world today, in our great greed for knowledge, how often do we utterly ignore the small common things of life, with which we come in contact daily, and from which some of the best lessons could be learned, and pass on to the so-called greater things.

But we should not do this, for each object, however small, has the power to teach some lesson, or illustrate some truth already taught, if it is only properly studied.

From the great list of common, well-known objects, let us select an old violin for a few moments study, and study first its construction. This violin must be either a good or poor one, and in either case, there is a reason for its being so.

If in constructing the violin the artist gives the proper curves to the sides, sees to it that the relative position of the fingerboard to the rest of the violin is correct, if the bridge and sounding post are exactly in their proper places, then as a reward for his pains and labor he will have a good violin, which will improve with usage, (if properly cared for as its age increases.) But on the other hand, if the fingerboard is too high or too long, if the bridge and sounding post are not exactly in their proper places, although the difference cannot be detected by looking at it, unless the person examining them is an artist, yet on becoming acquainted with the instrument, the difference is soon recognized, and neither old age, nor constant use by an artist,

will improve the poor violin, but rather tend to break it down. So we see the quality of a violin in its old age, depends entirely upon its foundation principles. Is this not so in our lives?

It has been said:

"The prosperity of a nation depends not on the abundance of its revenues, nor on the strength of its fortification, nor on the beauty of its public buildings; but it consists in the number of its cultivated citizens, its men of education, enlightenment and character; here are to be found its true interest, its chief strength, its real power."

Did you ever stop to think that character was one of the greatest motive powers in the world? We all know that men of "high" principles of genuine excellence, are the ones we desire to imitate and the ones in whom we place our confidence. They uphold everything that is good in the world, which would not be worth living in were it not for their presence. We all admire men of genius, but is it not character which secures our respect?

Character is one of the noblest possessions, and those who invest in it, although they may not become rich in worldly possessions, they shall find a greater reward in the esteem of men, and a reputation which we know we have fairly and honorably won.

Our intellectual culture, no necessary relation to the purity of our character, George Herbert once said, "A handful of good life is worth more than a bushel of learning." This does not mean that learning is to be despised, for we can form but a vague idea of the condition of our country without learning. But it must be accompanied by goodness. This we do not find to be the case at all

times, but it is sometimes found associating with the lowest moral character.

Look at the great men of our nation's past history, such as A. Lincoln and George Washington. Did their greatness and their unestimable value to their country depend upon their genius, skill and intellect? Of course this had much to do with it, but much more did their honor, their honest purpose, and in short their moral character. We ought to be proud of such men as these, for it is by them that our country is uplifted and elevated.

Thus we see that our character as a nation is what gives us our world-wide reputation, and as each citizen helps to make the nation, then how necessary, that each true and loyal citizen is careful to found his character aright and thus make the nation better.

A most excellent plan for cultivating a good character, is by work. Sydney Smith has said: "Let every man be occupied in the highest employment of which his nature is capable, and die with the consciousness that he has done his best." We learn in history that those nations which are indolent and idle have their decline, yes and their downfall, while yet in their infancy. At one time in the History of Rome, Cato Gracchus, then ruler, secured the passage of grain laws which provided that grain be sold from the public grainary to the poor at half its value or less. And what was the result of this? Grain was soon distributed free, to anyone who applied. This cultivated the spirit of idleness and the people soon became corrupt and indolent, and here was one of the things which caused the decline and downfall of Rome.

This is only one of the many, many examples of nations falling because of their indolence.

This works the same with individuals, as it does with nations. Sloth never climbed a hill. Sloth never overcame a difficulty it could avoid. Indolence never accomplished anything and never will. It has been truly said, that to desire to possess anything without first working for it, is a sign of weakness. Even leisure cannot be enjoyed unless it is first earned. There must be work before and after leisure to fully appreciate it.

Of course our work must be of the right sort. It must be such, that it will elevate instead of lower us, that it will strengthen our character instead of weakening it.

In our daily life we will have many opportunities to do that which will help to strengthen and ennoble our character. Whenever we have an opportunity to do a good deed, even though it be nothing more than speak a kind and comforting word to someone in trouble, we should improve it. The person who makes the most of life, is the one who makes the most of life's opportunities. He is armed and equipped with the determination to reap from every incident, the joy of his experience, to see all there is to see, to hear all there is to hear, and to profit by it. We cannot afford to let a single opportunity pass by without improving it. For our life is very short and we find that if we do not improve each opportunity, we are letting the best chances, to build more firmly the foundation of our character, pass by unused.

To those who are constantly at work trying to elevate them-

She headed her way to that unique structure --The Tri-State Normal College. I next see her in a large room, head down with a frown of hard study, applying for a license for that honorable occupation of teaching. Next I see her in a school room with the little ones flocking about her. Again I see her as matron of a large school especially for girls. She has risen "Gradatine."

Again my mind sweeps back like the soaring of a swallow, to one lonely little maiden with a violin in her arms. Gradually rising to the plane of an artist. Now she stumbles, now she falls,

but she gets up and ever keeps at her ambition namely, "To be the greatest violinist in the the world." On she travels. A swift flight! Why, she's in Berlin, and now I see a large page in a magazine. On it is a photograph. Upon looking closer it resembles an old classmate of mine. Now I glance at the bottom. What? Why! Fuchsia Mae Hadsell, the greatest violinist in the world.

Something prods me in the side. I wake up. "SayMister, that ere No. 48's er comin'." A swift glance at my watch, a fleeing fancy of my dream and I'm off.



Drawing used by the kindness of the Seniors of the Auburn H. S.

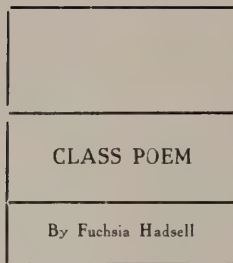
Step by step we've climbed the ladder,
Round by round we've worked our way;
Till at last we stand together,
Side by side, commencement day.

Truly this is our beginning,
Face we now life's problem's deep;
If success we would be winning,
If we'd golden harvest reap.

Up life's hill we must continue,
As the hill of school we've climbed;
Then we'll stand upon the summit,
Not one classmate left behind.

Four short years we've toiled together,
Years of shade as well as shine;
Days we've spent which like the weather,
We're not sunshine all the time.

But those days are left behind us,
And we trust their lessons learned;
But their memories oft remind us,
Friendships are not lightly spurned.



Trials have we oft endured,
We've been kept long after school;
Or sent home some wintry morn,
In compliance with Prof.'s rule,

And no doubt our dear Professors,
Also have been sorely tried;
As though devious paths of knowledge,
Our young minds they've tried to guide.

For their patient, faithful efforts,
Our most earnest thanks are due,
We accept their timely precepts;
And will profit by them too.

And as forth to meet life's battles,
From these dear old walls we go;
Oft in floods of sweetest memories,
Back again our minds will flow.

And as up life's hill we strive,
Let this be our battle-hymn;
Dear old class of 1905,
"Gradatine."

I

A DREAM or
OUR CLASS
PROPHECY

Blanchard Vondale Widney

It was as cold a January night as in that latitude ever sent the mercury tallying below the zero point, and I was forced to wait at a nameless junction from 2 a. m. until 5:30 ditto in order that I might fill consecutive dates, as they showed on my route sheet.

The depot building was all there was of the old Junction and I was the only occupant of its dreary little waiting room. The agent had made a roaring fire in the cannon stove, pulled one of the benches out of the corner and pushed it near the middle of the room and told me to make myself comfortable, and then retired to his little office where he rattled away at a telegraph key while the coal lamp beside him gave forth a feeble light and a strong smell.

So I was left alone and had to do what platform artists usually do when so conditioned. I took my suitcase for a pillow, buttoned my ulster to the limit, up and down, and stretched myself on the bench, with my feet to the fire.

The bleak northwest wind made the little dirty window pains rattle in a most desolate fashion and as I lay there thinking of my work my mind gradually wandered back to when I was in the St. Joe Schools, to my old schoolmates, Sylva, Ethel and Fuchsia. As I dwelt upon these my eyes closed and I passed off into innocent slumber, being soothed by the roar of the stove, the tattoo of the telegraph, the shriek of the wind and the rattling of those windows;

the only music that the place could afford.

There were the girls as I saw them when we were studying Botany, when we were lamenting over Cicero, when we were ridiculing the Juniors.

Suddenly the scene shifted, we were before an audience, very large.

The professor, that dear old professor, gradually moved towards us, handed us something white, at the same time murmuring. Then alas, all vanishes and a new scene meets my vision.

I see a young lady entering a college, it reminds me of the college at "Terre Haute;" after a while she appears with a white roll of paper under her arm, and with head up faces the flood of life. She starts down the pathway of fashion in an "auto" of Teaching. As she goes on she heeps getting higher and higher until at last she is at summit of success. Suddenly she turns her machine into the narrow road of devotion, passes cataracts, crosses breath catching chasms, climbs rough rocky slopes, and at last stops before a sacred little dwelling and has the divine blessing passed upon her head—the head of a poet. Then she alighted from her "auto" and ever wearing a smile of happiness and a crown of success, she awaits that Heavenly calling which we all will hear at some time. Such was the life of Sylva.

Back my mind goes like a flash of light. My blood flowed hot so great was my haste (I suppose as a matter of fact the stove was gesting warm). Then I slacked up and gradually another young lady came into my vision with rosy cheeks and auburn hair.

selves, each opportunity grasped, means one step forward in life's great work. But, to the indolent not so. They are usually so blind as to their own welfare, that they can not even see the opportunities which are theirs. And after they have been pointed out to them by parents, guardian, or some friend who is anxious that they make their character what it should be, they only look at the obstacles in their way and instead of going to work with a will to remove these difficulties, they stand back, and say "*I can't.*" Are these the kind of men that have helped make our nation what it is today? Were our early ancestors who first settled this most flourishing country, of this sort? Is this the way George Washington and Abraham Lincoln became presidents of U. S.? No. You all well know Lincoln's circumstances. Born very poor, no chances to educate himself, yet he went to work in his youth, founded his character aright, and by labor and perseverance, with his watch word, "*I can and I will,*" he became what he was—one of the greatest presidents our country has ever known.

So we see our character depends greatly on our perseverance and work.

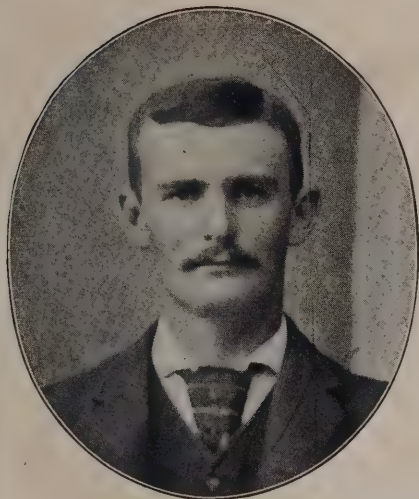
Probably reading of books has the next greatest influence over our character. We read them when young and remember them in our old age. We are apt to imitate the characters in books we read, so we cannot be too careful in selecting our reading material. Among the best books for the young to read are biographies. What can be more inspiring to the average boy than to read biographies of great men who worked their way from the lowest circumstances, to

the highest position they were able to attain. Or for the girls to read the biographies of some such women as Frances Williard, one of the greatest temperance workers we know. She was obliged to work for her living and in her work she realized the need of others and did what she could to eradicate from this nation, its greatest evil—Intemperance. So we see all these things greatly help to ennoble our character and these are only a very few of the many, many things we can do. But time will not permit me to go farther, and in conclusion I would say that if we desire to have the prime of our life in our old age as in the violin, we must begin as did the violin by having the foundation principles of our character well built, then—

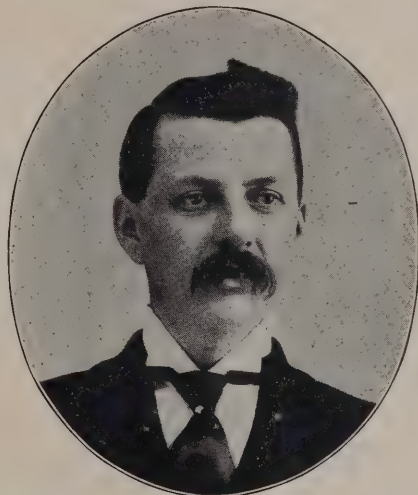
"So live, that when our summons comes to join,
That innumerable caravan, which moves to that mysterious realm,
Where each shall take his chamber in the silent halls of death,
We'll go, not like the quarry slave at night, scoured to his dungeon,
But sustained and soothed by an unfaltering trust,
Approach our grave like one who wraps the drapery of his couch about him,
And lies down to pleasant dreams."



SCHOOL BOARD



HERRY KEES
President



W. C. PATTERSON
Treasurer



MAHLON BAKER
Secretary

**Proffessor's Ten
Commandments**

As laid down by him
and Revised by
the Seniors

1. Thou shalt not hug the girls in the hall.
2. Thou shalt not rubber nor stretch thy neck.
3. Thou shalt not swipec nor take other peoples things.
4. Thou shalt not whisper in school.
5. Thou shalt not write notes on thy lesson nor any other kind of notes.
6. Thou shalt not look on thy neighbors' spelling lesson.
7. Thou shalt not "peach" in Geometry Class.
8. Thou shalt not peep in thy book during recitation.
9. Thou shalt sit on the front seats in chapel.
10. Thou shalt take thy work.

Amendments.

1. Thou shalt not giggle.
2. Thou shalt not roost on the woodbox.
3. Thou shalt not fidget.

W

THE CLASS
WILL

By the Seniors

E, the Class of 1905 being about to leave this sphere, in full possession of a sound mind, memory of understanding, do make and publish this our last will and testament, hereby revoking and making void all former wills by us at any other time heretofore made.

And first we do direct that our funeral services shall be conducted by our friends

and well-wishers, only enjoining that the funeral be carried on with all the dignity and pomp our situation in the school scale has merited.

As to such estate as it has pleased the fates and our own strong arms to give us, we do dispose of the same as follows, viz.:

Item: We give and bequeath to professor restful nights and peaceful dreams. We promise him a rest from 1905's petitions. No more will we be called upon to bend our haughty knee to supplicate; no more will he be pained to refuse. It has been hard to have our fondest wishes thwarted; it must have been hard for him to refuse so fair a pleader. He has done his duty, and he has his reward. But, oh! how much easier it would have been for him and for us, if he had said "yes," especially to "cutting out" Cicero during the last month of school.

Item: We give to the Freshies the following advice, accepting which will lead them to glory; copy '05, learn to work if not to win, developement comes sooner through bearing failures than successes. It isn't fun, but still, look at '05 and be encouraged

Item: The subjoined list will be recognized as entailed estates, to which we do declare the class of nineteen six the real and rightful successor:

1st. The Senior seats in the High School room.

2nd. The song entitled, "I'd like to be a Senior".

3d. Our strings for their Geometry figures.

Next come Senior privileges, with Prof's permission—too well understood to be detailed.

Senior dignity is always handed over to the new-made lords of the High School world. We are afraid this will be a strain upon nerves and muscles of the gay and debonair Juniors, but all hope they will rise to the occasion, as they sometimes can.

Last comes the one thing hard for us to part with. To our successors we must give our courses in Zoology and Botany—and let us say that Zoology and Botany are studies where you learn lots of things you knew before. We could tell you many interesting things about "bugs" and the pretty little "wild flowers" that are so common and yet so unfamiliar. But we must not tell you all we learned from the courses in the next five minutes. We will leave it a sealed book until next year. If '06 gains half the profit and pleasure we have gained in hunting "bugs" and "posies", this will be their most precious possession, as it has been ours, as it is the one we are most loath to leave.

Besides these enforced gifts we leave, not of necessity, but of our own free will, our blessing and a pledge of friendship from henceforth. All the rest and residue of our property, whatsoever and

wheresoever, of what nature, kind and quality, soever it may be, and not herein disposed of (after paying our debts and funeral expenses) we give and bequeth to Prof. for his use and benefit absolutely. If he see fit, he may use the knowledge and startling information we have given him at whatsoever times we may have had written, quizzes and examinations, in the education of our younger sisters. This latter matter is, however, entirely at his discretion.

And we do hereby constitute and appoint the said Prof. sole executor of this our last will and testament.

In witness whereof, we the class of nineteen-five, the testators, have to this our will, written on one sheet of parchment, set our hand and seal, this third day of May, A. D., one thousand nine hundred and five. (Signed) THE SENIORS '05. .

(Seal)



Drawing used by the kindness of the Seniors of the Auburn H. S.

RESOLUTIONS OF CLASS 1905

Whereas, we the class of 1905 are about to disband,
we do hereby make the following resolutions:

- I. Resolved that we will do all in our power to help the succeeding graduating class of St. Joe H. S.
- II. Resolved, that we will be true and loyal members of the Alumni Association.
- III. Resolved, that we will try to live an honorable and gn upright life.
- IV. Resolved, that we will speak evil of no one.
- V. Resolved, that we will do all in our power for those who have aided us in editing The Comet
- VI. Resolved that we will do all the good we can, in all the ways we can, to all the people we can.
- VII. Resolved that we will make this world better for having lived in it.

IN SHORT

- VIII. Resolved, that we will obey the "Golden Rule."

(Signed)

THE SENIORS.

ALUMNI DIRECTORY

Ray Sheffer '99	St. Joe, Ind.	Deo Dermott '03	Coldwater, Mich.
Walter Ulm '99	St. Joe, Ind.	Robert Ulm '03	St. Joe, Ind.
Lee O. Tustison '00	St. Joe, Ind.	Craig Sheffer '03	St. Joe, Ind.
Dessa Reasoner '00	Zion City, Ill.	Ethel Green '04	Keystone, Ind.
Mary Wiers '00	Waterloo, Ind.	Edith Widney '04	St. Joe, Ind.
John Dilley '00	St. Joe, Ind.	Mary Dilley '04	St. Joe, Ind.
Ora Wilmot '01	St. Joe, Ind.	Esther Hollabaugh	St. Joe, Ind.
Nellie Heatherington '01		Grace Wiers '04	St. Joe, Ind.
Esther Baker-Bowman '01	Spencerville, Ind.	Della May '04	St. Joe, Ind.
Mae Leighty-Openlander '01	Sherwood, Ohio	Lela Shilling '04	St. Joe, Ind.
Lora Hull '02	St. Joe, Ind.	Edna Koch '04	St. Joe, Ind.
Delphia Hamilton-Provines '02	Chicago, Ill.	Pearl Hendricks '04	St. Joe, Ind.
John D. Milliman '02	St. Joe, Ind.	Lester Curie '04	Ft. Wayne, Ind.
Edward Earl Sherer '02	St. Joe, Ind.	Roscoe Barney '04	St. Joe, Ind.
Maud Scholes '03	St. Joe, Ind.		
Nellie Scholes '03	St. Joe, Ind.		
Merritt Sechler '03	St. Joe, Ind.		
Bert Woodcox '03	Lima, Ohio		

Class '05

Sylva Hollabaugh,	Ethel Berry,
Fuchsia Hadsell,	Dale Widney.



M

OBITUARY OF OUR CLASS MASCOT.

By the Seniors

R. Tommy '05, was born August 25th, 1903. He was raised by Miss Sylva Hollabaugh, at her home near the High School. He lived a quiet life until one year of age when he was unanimously chosen the mascot of the Senior class and was christened Tommy '05. He then became the favorite of every member of the class and more than once has amused a Senior when wearied by Cicero or some other tiresome study. He was taught many bright and interesting tricks, which made him a very interesting cat. At the age of one year and six months he passed from kitten-hood into cat-hood. At the age of two the degree of B. T. (Bachelor of Tricks) was conferred upon him by the class. His daily life was all sunshine. When any petty trouble was weighing upon our minds, Tommy would come around purring.

His glossy black fur glistening, until one would involuntarily pick him up and declare him to be their one true friend. Often Tommy has sat with head tilted to one side as though in deep study and listen to a senior give an oration or some other foolishness. When we had trouble of any kind we told it to Tommy and found him a ready sympathizer. Imagine then our sorrow when his mistress informed the class of his sudden death. Daisy, the 2nd, was the cause of our great grief. Tommy, on the morning of the 22nd day of April, 1905, was sitting behind that dreadful cow, Daisy, the 2nd, washing his face, when suddenly, she raised her haughty foot and dashed

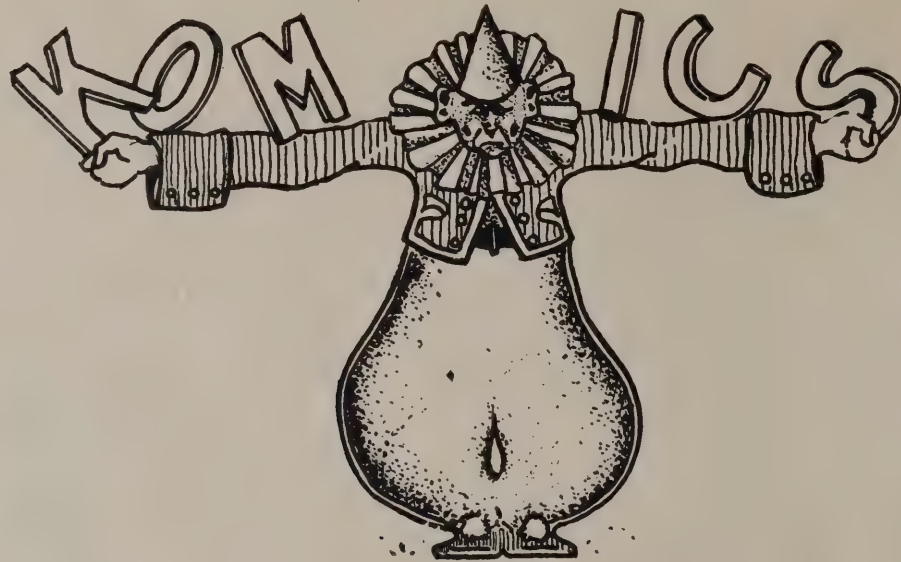
him toward the heaven for cats. Tommy was buried in the '05 cemetery, the usual ceremonies having taken place. Mr. Widney kindly delivered the funeral service, Miss Hadsell sang one of her beautiful, pathetic solos, while Misses Hollabaugh and Berry filled the casket with a flood of tears. Never again do the Seniors expect to witness so sad an event, for Tommy was one of the "small but mighty class."

Card of Thanks.

We wish to thank those who so kindly aided us in the burial of our Mascot Tommy '05.

The Seniors.





MISS - E - LANEOUS

A married man says that a wife should be like a roast lamb—tender and sweet, nicely dressed, but without sauce.

Prof. They can photograph the voice, now.

Prof.'s Wife. Goodness! I hope I'll never live to see the picture of the things, you say when your collar-button drops down your back.

Mr. Frank B. was complaining of the conduct of his son, a recent escapade having particularly incensed him. "You should speak to him with firmness and make him see the error of his way," said his friend. "But" rejoined his father, "he pays not the slightest attention to what I say; he listens only only to the advice of fools. I wish you would talk to him."

According to Directions.

"And I want to say 'To My Husband' in an appropriate place," said the widow, in conclusion to Slab, the gravestone man. "Yes-sum," said Slab and the inscription went on: "To my husband in an appropriate place."

The key to success does you no good, unless you find the keyhole.

Common sense is not so common as some men think it is.

Aim high, you may not hit the mark, but by a high aim you will come nearer to it than if you did not try at all.

A Freshie in the Latin class, astonished his teacher by saying: "Vir, a man; gin, a trap—virgin, a man-trap."

For the occasion "please look pleasant," remarked the photographer, as he was taking the Freshies' pictures. Snap went the camera. "And now," he continued, "you may resume your natural expressions."

Zay S.: "Can we play at keeping a store in here, mamma?"
Mamma (who has a headache): "Certainly, but you must be very, very quiet."
Zay S.: "Well, we'll pretend we don't advertise."

How many commandments has Professor?

Ten, and then some.

And suppos you'd break one of them.

Then there would be but nine and then some.

Familiar Sayings of Professor:

Well now, down on weed-patch hill.

Down on my father's farm.

The way we did at college.

Bring that note up here.

Turn around in your seat.

Keep at work, we have a minute and a half yet.

Blanche, quit your giggling.

Go home and get an excuse.

Freshies, pick up all that paper over there on your side.

Talk a little louder.

I have three speeches, I wish to make this morning.

Clear out of the hall.

Be on time.

Where's Emmons today?

Quit your ringing that bell.

The most pleasant—Hee, hee, hee, Haw, haw, yaw, yaw,
y-a-a-w-oo-oo-ooh!!!

1905, "The Small but Mighty Class."

Prof. "Foraker, name one of Addison's works."

Foraker: "The Tale of Tub."

Prof. "That's too swift for Addison."

Prof. (in English class) "Frank, name Jonson's characteristics."

Frank: "I ain't got any."

Prof. "Well, name Jonson's."

Long Pants.

(Dedicated to Ralph W. Patterson.)

I uster be a regular kid, 'bout two feet high, I guess,
A-wearing bibs and aprons, and a reg'lar baby dress;
My ma she uster make me wear my hair in them there curls,
I guess she didn't know fellers hate to look like girls;
But now I'm growin' up, and got a little chance.
I ain't a kid no longer—I'm

wearin'

long

pants.

I uster be a baby—when I got a smash I cried,
But I'm a-learning how to fight, the fellers uster ride
All over me, and knock me down and call me "mothers own"
I tell you now they ain't so gay, they jes' let me alone,
Cause 'bout a week ago, I licked Ray Dan and made him
prance,

I ain't no baby any more—I'm

wearin'

long

pants.

I uster kinder hate the girls—I wouldn't ever play,
Er talk with them, or walk with them, but now it ain't that way;
I'm jes' a little gone, the fellers say, on that 'ere Flossie Copp,
She's got such pretty eyes—and, say, her smile would make
you pop,

Last week we practiced singin', and it fairly made me dance;
I'll jes' bet she likes me better, since I'm—

wearin'

long

pants.

Patrick:—"Un' be faith un' be jabbers, what be yar-silf thinkin
onto th' opin-years "

More:—"Well sa' massa', I thin' day all was swelld up mostest
dan anything dat eber struck dis hea' town hea' befo' now.

The entertainment given by Fred High, Senior of Pittsburg
was a decided success.

The Seniors House was worth twenty dollars more than the
Junior's show was, and everybody went away satisfied when "The
Small but Mighty" class takes hold of anything, it's bound to be a
success.

What becomes of the righteous?

"Everlasting bliss."

What becomes of the wicked?

"Everlasting blister."

A Distinction and a Difference.

Wife of His Bosom (to unsuccessful candidate on his arrival):
"So you are returned then?"

Unsuccessful Candidate: "No, I've come back, but I'm not re-
turned."

"Yes, sir," said Clarence O. W., "it was funny enough to make
a donkey laugh. I laughed till I cried." Then seeing a smile go
around the room, he grew red in the face and went away angry.

God made man first, if He had made woman first and had to
make man to suit her, He would be hammering away at him yet.

SOL BARNEY, **St. Joe, Ind.**

Great Bargain House of DeKalb County

**Dry goods, Groceries, Queensware, Gent's furnishing goods, Ladies', Gent's,
Boys and Girl's Fine Footwear a Specialty.**

ST. JOE TELEPHONE EXCHANGE.

BELL PHONE CENTRAL.

WOODCOX

...

Paper Hanging and Frescoeing

St. Joe, Indiana

Insurance and Laundry Agency

Life, Accident, Tornado and Fire.

Also Fine Line of Cigars and

Toilet Articles. Established 1884.

J. C. Hull, Tonsorial Artist.

PIANO AND ORGAN

Instrumental Music

Full Course Taught by

MISS LORA HULL

C. R. PRICE

DENTIST

Bell Phone No. 44.

ST. JOE, INDIANA

..BUY..

SPRING BROOK FRUIT FARM'S

Berries, Fruits, Melons, Etc. They are the cheapest
and Best. Potatoes a specialty.

..Miss Fuchsia Hadsell..

VIOLINIST

Will give lessons on Violin

Terms Reasonable

O. H. WIDNEY

Notary Public

Pension Attorney. St. Joe, Indiana



The
Schermerhorns
PHOTOGRAPHERS
AUBURN, IND.

YOUR CREDIT IS GOOD WITH.....

I. S. and C. J. HADSELL

.....ST. JOE STATION, INDIANA.

Dealers in MEDIUM and HIGH GRADE PIANOS,

ORGANS, PIOLIAUS PIANO PLAYERS,

BAND INSTRUMENTS, SHEET MUSIC and

WHEELER and WILSON SEWING MACHINES

..THERE'S SATISFACTION..



In trading at a Modern Dry Goods Store. We are trying to conduct one along that line, therefore invite you to pay us a visit when you are in Hicksville.

WE CARRY IN STOCK

A complete line of DRY GOODS, CLOAKS, CARPETS, RUGS, LINO-
LEUMS, DRAPERIES, SHOES, NOTIONS, UNDERWEAR, Etc.

....HART, HOOD AND WIDNEY....

HICKSVILLE, - - - - OHIO.

THE BUSIEST CORNER IN TOWN.

We want to take this method to publically thank our friends in St. Joe and vicinity for the most excellent patronage which you have given us
..... during the past six years.



.SEAMEN'S.

..

Hollow Concret Blocks

Best and Gheapest

..

Don't Fail to see them before you buy.

Manufactured by

E. D. HENDRICKS, St. Joe, Indiana

Ray H. Sheffer

Justice of the Peace.

All business will receive prompt attention.

Collections a Specialty.

Music... ..Education

Music teaches most exquisitely
the art of development

MRS. S. W. TUSTION, TEACHER OF
PIANO AND ORGAN.

In Our Jewellery Department

You will find a fine line of **Watches, Rings, Chains, Fobs, Brooches, Charms, Etc.** Just the thing for Graduating Presents. We also carry a full line of **Clocks and Silverware.** All Repair Work Fully Guaranteed. You will find us in the Case Building where we also have a complete line of **Groceries, Flour, Mill Feed and Bulk Seeds** of all kinds. **WANTED**—all kinds of Farm Produce for Trade or Cash.

WILLIAMSON & SON, St. Joe, Indiana

Lochner Quick Printery

J. C. Lochner

Proprietors

W. H. Quayle



Fine Commercial Printing
Executors and Designers of High Class Advertising Literature of Every Description
Auburn Indiana

A Man Who Has His Clothes Made Here

Never permanently forsakes us.
He may go once to a ready-made
Clothier, or to Chicago Tailoring,
but he gets dissatisfied and comes
back to us. We want the man
who wears ready-made Clothing to
come here for one Suit. We pro-
mise him clothing perfection at
moderate prices.

Edward May the Tailor

BUTLER, INDIANA.

S. S. WIDNEY

Real Estate Dealer

Fire and Life
Insurance

NOTARY
PUBLIC

..B. L. BAILEY..

Meat Market

*We Solicit Your
Patronage*

*CHOICE
CUTS*

J. H. LEIGHTY

Meat Market

Bell Phone 14.

St. Joe, Indiana

H. C. Hathaway

BAKERY and GROCERY

Dealer in Baked Goods, Fancy and Staple Groceries, Fresh Fruits.

OYSTERS AND ICE CREAM IN SEASON.

Soda Fountain and Choice Candies.



H. C. Hathaway

1890

1890

1890

1890



Eckhart Public Library

603 S. Jackson Street Auburn, IN 46706
Phone: 219-925-2414

Patron is responsible for all
material borrowed.

HECKMAN

BINDERY, INC.

Bound-To-Pleas®

MAR 04

N. MANCHESTER, INDIANA 46962

ECKHART PUBLIC LIBRARY



8401 9100 136 494 3

